

PETRA

I don't mind
no longer having
that picture of you,
the one you sent me
with a saucy note:
tantalizing buttocks
smiling at my eyes,
eyes you were seeing
even as you mailed it
(I know this because
the photo told me so,
and kept on telling me
whenever I beheld it).
I put it in my archive
without making a copy.
Yes, there are those
I took of you—
bum cheeks, cunt,
anus I so adored;
and of your face:
patient, pensive,
quietly lusting.
Photos or no,
images of you
remain in focus,
with the feel of you
massaging my memory.
Oh how I want you now,
how I yearn for you again!
The whore who back then,
when I was just another john
blown your way by the chill night air,
began what became an affair of sorts
by pulling me close
holding me tight
pressing your lips to my mouth
and French kissing me for ages.
"Do what you want with me," you said,
"and give me no more than you can afford."
Years later, when we met by chance
and hurried to sleep together,
you said it was an insult
to offer you money.
While later still
my girlfriend was outraged

that time you came to visit
stripped
perched on the bed
and gave yourself to me
not only with her watching
but also a covey of friends
wide-eyed and envious
(especially the women there
were hungry for your body)

That was our last fuck,
possibly our best fuck;
after which my girlfriend
loved me a whole lot more.

Yet it was you I was loving,
as I am loving you today.
Click! Another photo
for the scrapbook in my loins.

EDDIE WOODS

